THE

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For the NEW STAR.

THE *FRIEND*—II.

"Friendſhip, to every willing mind,
"Opens a heavenly treaſure."

Meſſrs. PRINTERS,

SORRY am I, that writers of more leiſure and ability than myſelf, ſhould be *found wanting*—At your pleaſure in admitting me to a ſecond audience with your "*kind good cuſtomers:*" who, I ſuppoſe, will expect ſomething *worth their money*——for they undoubtedly ſee your *ſmall demands* cancelled in due time——I claim not Merit to ſhield me from the *Critic's ſneer:* but I have the happineſs of my auditory in view——*Then ſtop where you are!*——exclaim the cold and phlegmatic, who reliſh not the charms of Social Friendſhip——But, my *choiſeſt* friends, as the Editors ſaid to me "*Go on*", I ſhall proceed, your frigid advice notwithſtanding.

I in my firſt informed you that I was no *Old Bachelor* nor *Old Maid*.—I then ſaid "I am married"—I now add, "HAPPY too!"——This, you will ſay, is a comprehenſive expreſſion——aye, it is—and, in the fulleſt extent of the word, no man can uſe it with perfect applicability to himſelf or neighbor: for, as *compleat happineſs* muſt be the reſult only of *perfect goodneſs*, no man, woman or child can claim its poſſeſſion—I therefore uſe the expreſſion only limitedly——recommending it to my friends univerſally, to lay aſide bitterneſs and ſtrife, and evil ſpeaking; and to cheriſh the ſweet ſpirit of harmony and love; thus might the term "happy" come into more extenſive uſe in ſocieties, neighborhoods, in families, and among ſocial friends.

Suppoſing that ſome might enquire who I was, I in my introductory number, gave the reader as good an account as I could of myſelf, and of my conjectural affinity to *Adam the firſt*, agreeable to the beſt information I ever could gain from *the wet earth my mama*——but aſcribing to this affinity to the ancient family of the world, all the merit which antiquity can claim, or all the de-merit that has been attached to *Adam's fall*, by all his ſelf-excuſing poſterity ſince his creation; it is quite immaterial to me, whether my great grandfather was *Adam*, or *Dr. Franklin*, or neither of them——

Honor and ſhame from no condition riſe,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies—ſays Pope——as if he had ſaid,

ſaid, *A man's merit depends upon what* he himſelf is, *and not upon what his* anceſtors *were!*——Becauſe Adam, the reputed father of mankind, *fell from the tree*, that will not heal the wound we get in *ſtumbling over the ſtump*: nor does it follow, that becauſe Dr. Franklin was a Philoſopher and a Friend to his country, all his reputed Sons muſt be wiſe men, and fit to rule the nation.——*Let every man's own merit be his recommendation—and let not the undeſerving be raiſed on his Father's greatneſs.*

COMMUNICATED
FOR THE STAR.

MODESTY.

From SMELLIE's *Philoſophy of Natural Hiſtory.*

MODESTY is one of the moſt diſtinguiſhing and attractive characteriſtics of the Female Sex.——This is the great defence with which nature has armed them againſt the artifices and deceit of the males. Modeſty has a double effect: it both attracts and repels. It heightens the deſire of the male, and deters him from rudeneſs, or improper behavior. Were women deprived of this amiable quality, all their charms would vaniſh, and the ardor of love would be extinguiſhed. It is, therefore, not only the intereſt of females to cultivate Modeſty, but to guard with the moſt anxious attention againſt the ſmalleſt encroachments. Every attack, however apparently inſignificant, ſhould be repelled with ſpirit and intrepidity. To men of ſenſibility, a ſingle glance of the eye will tell them their conduct is improper, and make them not only inſtantly deſiſt, but prevent any future attempt. There is no part of the female character which men revere ſo much as modeſty. It is the brighteſt and moſt valuable jewel with which a woman can be adorned. A fine woman, without modeſty, inſtead of gaining the attention of men, becomes an object of contempt, and even of diſguſt. It is equally the intereſt of men to cheriſh, and not to injure by indelicacy, a quality, from which they derive ſo much pleaſure and advantage.

A STANGE STORY.

THE roads thro' the Republican territory continue to be infeſted by robbers, inſomuch that thoſe who have occaſion to travel, having been long appriſed by the public prints of the number of aſſaſſinations committed by thoſe brigands, no longer expoſe themſelves by night on the public roads. The brigands, thus finding their plans defeated, have adopted another mode, of which one of them became the victim a few days ago.

In the village of Trappe, about a league diſtant from Verſailles, a traveller found himſelf benighted. The roads in the vicinity being unſafe, he determined to ſleep there. He entered into a ſmall tavern, and converſed with the wife, in whoſe converſation he tho't he could diſtinguiſh an honeſt heart. Juſt as he was on the point of going to bed, at half paſt ten o'

clock,

clock, he heard some one entering the house: he listened gently at the door, to discover whether it was the landlord of the tavern, who was absent on his arrival. The first words he heard were addressed by the wife to the husband: "Have you found any game this evening?" No, replied the husband. We have some above stairs, said the wife. They now went in, and the traveller heard no more. His situation was terrible. To remain where he was, was dangerous, to make a pretext for going out, still more so. He stirred the cinders as if in the act of covering the fire, let his shoes fall, and, in a word, made pretty nearly the noise of a person going to bed. He now seated himself on the bed, kept his pistols and sword in readiness, and expected, not without agitation, the moment when he foresaw he should be attacked. At midnight, the noise of a ladder placed against the wall, and that of a trap raised at the bed side, convinced him of the attempt which was about to be made. He crept by the foot of the bed, and at the instant when the tavernkeeper had half entered the room, he made a cut at his head with a sabre. The latter fell into the apartment below. The light being extinguished, the woman who mistook her wounded husband for the traveller, laid hold of him and cut his throat. At this moment the trampleing of horses was heard: the traveller looked out at the window, and perceived a body of Gendarmes who were returning from escorting the mail. He gave an alarm, and the Gendarmes forced the door. The traveller told the story. The Gendarmes seized both him and the woman, and conducted them to prison at Versailles, where they are now trying by the Criminal Tribunal of the Department of Seine and Oise. [*We are sorry the date is not added to the above. We give it as we found it.* Star.]

From the Farmer's Weekly Museum.

SPEECH of DAVID WOOD, while standing in the Pillory at Charlestown, Newhampshire, May 27th, 1797. for forging a Deed.

Sympathising Friends,

YOU come here this day to see a sad sight—a poor old man publicly disgraced for attempting to make a penny out of fifty acres of Vermont rocks; and yet I see some here in gay coats, mounted on naggish horses, who have made thousands out of lands, to which you had no more title, than I to David Dray's rocks. But you are great rogues and wear silver spurs, and white beaver hats, and flourish your loaded whips, forget what you once were, drink your Maderia, and talk of your millions of acres, and set at your ease: while poor I, who have speculated a little, in a fifty acre lot, which would not maintain a woodchuck, must stand here; for I am a little rogue, and have no pretensions to be a great speculator.

Let me ask you, what is the difference, as to sin, between a man, who forges a deed and sells lands under it, and a man, who sells lands, to which he knows he has no title? You all know the great '8 ——, he bought lands in Bol-

ton

ton at the time all their great men got caught in the Georgia land trap. The 'Squire came home by the way of Hartford, at the very moment when the Hartford foxes were wailing for the loss of their tails, in the same spring trap. The 'Squire found he had bought the Devil, and was determined to sell him again on the best terms he could. He put spurs to his old mare, rode before the news, and sold to the widow Lowly and her two Sons, who had just come of age, about fifty thousand acres of land, which laid the Lord knows where, and to which he knew he had no title, and took all their father the old deacon's farm in mortgage, and threatens to turn the poor widow upon the town, and her two boys upon the world.—The 'Squire is a great speculator, he is of the quorum, can sit on the sessions, and fine poor girls for natural missteps; but I am a little rogue, who speculated in only fifty acres of rocks, and must stand here in the pillory.

Then there is the state of Georgia. They sold millions of acres, to which they had no more title, than I to David Dray's land. Their great men pocketed the money; and their Hon. Assembly publicly burnt all the records of their conveyance, and are now selling the lands again. But Georgia is a great honorable State. They can keep Negro slaves, race horses, gouge out eyes, send members to fight duels at Congress, and cry out for France and the guillotine, and be honored in the land; while poor I, who never murdered any one, who never fought a duel or gouged an eye; *and had too much honor to burn my forged deed, when I had once been wicked enough to make it*, must stand here in the pillory, for I am a little rogue. Take warning by my sad fate; and if you must speculate in lands let it be in millions of acres; and if you must be rogues, take warning by my unhappy fate, and become great rogues.—For as it is said in a pair of verses I read when I was a boy,

Little villains must submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in state.

And again,

A little knav'ry is a dangerous thing,
Great cheats will flourish, while the small ones swing.

From the FARMER's WEEKLY MUSEUM.

MR. EDITOR,

For a considerable time, I have had on hand, a small stock of raw materials, which with the help of a word-mill, a few rhetorical figures and borrowed ornaments, might pass current, with those superior geniuses, who can judge of the merit of a man by his coat, or feel the glow of enthusiasm at the sight of a painted cheek or fine gown. To accommodate those who are not possessed of this happy talent, and save myself the trouble of reading rules of authorship, I shall adopt a less expensive mode of writing. My pen shall extemporize. My ideas shall spend no time at the toilet, but parade themselves as fast as they are summoned, by this important marshal of the paper field. Without any further ceremony, if you give your consent, I will open my little retail shop in the

corner

corner of your Farmer's Museum, where probably I shall continue to carry on my business until the ground is occupied by better tenants, or I am obliged to sell up for want of stock. My sign shall be,

Common Sense, in Dishabille.

N°. I.

"REFINED sense and exalted sense are not half so good as common sense," says one author: common sense is the best sense in the world, says another. Follow its dictates, says my pen. It will serve better to keep you out of fire and water, and I may add, out of gaol, than the philosophy of a Newton, the genius of a Dryden, or the metaphysics of an Edwards. Its seeds are sown in thy mental garden, good reader; cultivate them by observation, reflection, and reading such authors, as have brought them to the greatest perfection. I do not intend by this to recommend the writings of T. Paine and his deistical colleagues: I had rather see spider's webs hanging on the shelves of thy library. Common sense is of a peaceable contented temper, and would be the very last to declare war with heaven. Its councils will assist thee in thy domestic economy, and every honest employment of life: but they will differ from the advice of the profession of counsellors in two respects; they will always be to thy advantage, and cost thee nothing. It will seldom address thee in Greek or Latin, but in plain English.

Quit your pillow, and go about your business, if you have any, at its first injunction; if not, seek some. Let the sun's first beams shine on your head in the morning, and you shall not want a good hat to defend your head against his scorching rays at noon: earn your breakfast before you eat it, and the sheriff shall not deprive you of your supper. Pursue your calling with diligence, and your creditor shall not interrupt you. Be temperate, and the physician shall look in vain for your name on his day book.—If you have a small farm, or a trade, that will support your family and add a hundred dollars a year to your capital, be contented, and never go to Boston, Hartford, or Newyork, to buy land in Georgia, that is to be made on the eighth day of the creation.

The Learned Lady's Soliloquy.

HOW horrid is the tyranny of fashion! What right can an equality or superiority of fortune give one lady to rob another of her time, patience and sense—yes—sense—in the conversation of fools and knaves, leaves a tincture of folly upon us. How many painful, ridiculous, trifling and impertinent visits am I obliged to pay, and receive from the fillier part of the sex! What title has dress or figure to lay a tax on us for admiration? Do not those who expect this, insult our understanding? And are not those who pay it, slaves to folly?—O that the shackles of custom were once broken, and that we might choose our society out of either sex without censure or inconvenience.

FOR THE NEW STAR.

THE *MONITOR.*

HOW natural it is for man to complain! and how unnatural frequently his complaints!—Tis *cuſtomary*, (and therefore, perhaps, but ſeldom (if ever) ſeriouſly thought of,) for *man*, emphatically ſtyled, *a worm of the duſt*, and *but of yeſterday*, to complain againſt DEITY, the all wiſe all merciful PARENT of Creation:——This complaint is frequently (too common) in the mouths of thoſe, who little think of uttering complaints againſt ſo good, ſo perfect a Being; nor would they do it, did they but give to their minds a moment's reflection. Tis an unnatural complaint, indirectly levelled againſt Heaven, to be continually diſſatisfied with *the ſeaſons as they roll*—to one of this ſtamp, if it *rain*, or if it *rain not*, both or neither are ſubjects of equal complaints—But, to the candid reflection of ſuch, I appeal, whether man, ungrateful man, ought not be ſtill, and know that an all-juſt Father of All will undeniably order the ſeaſons aright——Place *man* at the helm, could *he* do any better?——What an idea!—that man ſhould virtually ſay, *I could do better than Deity!*——No man did I ever ſee ſo hardy as to ſay thus in plain terms: but the ungrateful murmurings of many, loudly imply the declaration—*to their ſerious conſideration I ſubmit the ſubject*——And hope they may find themſelves ſome forty or fifty years hence better prepared to *go the way of all fleſh*, than they now are to enjoy either *ſhowers or ſunſhine!*—— R.

THE *RIVULET.*

Carmen Mordax.

FOR THE STAR.

The MECHANICS and CHOP-TANK—MODERN.

Meſſrs. EDITORS,

As by the cataſtrophe you may learn there has been no actual murder—the friends of the heroes will waſte no tears at ſeeing the *drama* in print——By giving it a place you will much oblige

HOKKANOKKOOP.

FAME, *from* mechanics, *feign a grade would raiſe,*
Thoſe ſons of genius, whom all nature prays
To leave not art ungraſp'd, not art riſin'd,
Nor ſcope the wheels, and ravage all mankind.
Nature's prime Artiſans (*'tis tith nice,*
For which I took the Muſe's ſage advice)
In ro. rear'd ſtep, to build on fancy's ſand,
Shows artificial; puppets of the brain!

Faſhion

Bellows to waft from Venus' warbling throat,
To sighing nymphs and swains, the love trill'd note;
Automatons of voice so soft and mild,
Who hear admire—admiring are beguil'd;
Quadruped graces pinion'd, now the globe,
Now ether tread, and waft the magic robe;
Zephyrs in liquid, murmuring thro' the shades,
To fan the heat of love-bewildered maids;
But stranger still, flats hydras in a train,
Whose mossy huge o'ercoil Columbia's plain,
Now stretching forth, each lashes with her tail,
And transatlantics shudder in the gale!

Whence the materials? Artisans may frame,
But how create these images of fame?
Not Gemini, or Cancer could obtain
Quantum *of such, to deck the rapid brain,*
Except some friendly medium might afford
A page, a sentence, or at least a word.

True, Sire, but mind ye, at a single nod,
Great Gemini, of rhapsody the God,
Could muster worlds of ideas from abroad:
Or more politely, with inviting hand,
Of customers in humble tone demand,
Some well wrought image to adorn his shop,
Nor emblem spurn'd, of simpleton or fop.
But ever stock'd the shop, his temple glut;
He fears it now design'd, a wigwam hut;

For Choptank *in the chase a form pursued,*
Which, guardless youth, too partially he view'd;
Thought Gemini was grateful, Cancer kind,
'Tis offering fit, he said—his guilt resign'd.
But mark the dire event—'tis subject fit,
Said Gemini, and sneer'd his paltry wit.
Choptank in ire, now thought to scalp the foe,
Or 'gainst his cancer'd breast to draw the bow:
A tomahawk, which want his thirst to engage,
He snatch'd and threw, like lightning, in his rage:
The war-fraught messenger, to cleave too dull,
Met Gemini afront, and shatter'd all his skull!
As Polyphemus hugs, so groan'd the sun,
Nor midnight past'd a stranger to his woe;
At dawn his lamentations pierced the tomb,
Where Dela Cruica *slept in earth's cold womb;*
In pallid vest the hard's grim shade arose,
At hour when all were left to soft repose,
Look'd kindly on his son, then sighing, said,
For thee, lorn youth, I've stolen from the dead;
Since hard thy fate—and fall'n, thy timid heart,
Invokes a curse upon the rhyming art,
I'll more than grant thy prayer; then cease t' implore.

For

For ſenſe in verſe, but *thine* ſhall be no more,
He ſaid—the youth reclin'd his glowing head,
And purple morn diſpell'd the ſhivering ſhade.

Wabaſh, May 1797.

☞ *NOTES.*

Fame, from mechanics, &c. The author's deſign in the introduction, appears to be the higheſt poſſible compliment to genius, as poſſeſſed by the mechanics,—the prior of whom appears to be the moving ſubject of the drama.

Shews artificial, &c. This and the following lines, we may conclude, are deſcriptive of ſome of their moſt ſtriking performances.

Not Gemini or Cancer, &c. We are at a loſs whence the author's authority for theſe his mechanic's names, which we imagine fictitious; but think it reaſonable to conjecture, that the former was doubly vigorous and acute in point of imagination—the latter a creeper into the ſecrets of nature.

For Choptank in the chair, &c. We are here led to ſuppoſe a young native's having engaged in the art of refined mechaniſm; or otherwiſe to have attempted the introducing of his rude, into the fine arts; which circumſtance we may judge gave riſe to theſe words of our poet, "And ſneer'd his paltry wit," which, from the introduction, &c. are evidently ironical; and deſigned only as expreſſive of the native's diſguſt at the contempt with which his abſurdity muſt have been treated.

So groan'd the ſea, &c. Theſe words likewiſe refer to Gemini, as viewed by Choptank.

At down his invocations pierced the tomb, &c. From this and the following, we are led to conclude, that the indignity with which the craft of the Artiſans was treated by the preſumer, together with the ſavage cruelty exerted towards Gemini, drove this unhappy youth to a degree of diſtraction, in which ſtate, it ſeems, he implored the manes of a powerful predeceſſor, to come forth and blaſt the art in which he ſo much excelled, that his deareſt purſuit might never more prove a curſe to him; but the ſage more propitious, deſiring it ſtill to exiſt, and willing to redreſs the grievance of the injured, avowed him the art as an excluſive privilege, at the expenſe of the whole human race.

BANQUET of COMUS.

A HUMOROUS Divine viſiting a gentleman one morning, was aſked to ſtay to dinner, which invitation he accepted of; the gentleman ſtept into the next room to tell his wife, and deſired ſhe would provide ſomething extraordinary. The lady was not of the beſt diſpoſition in the world, and uſed ſuch language as provoked the huſband to ſay, *Madam, was it not for the ſtranger in the next room, I would kick you out of doors*—Upon which the clergyman, who heard all that had paſſed, immediately ſtept in, ſaying, *I beg, ſir, you'll make no ſtranger of me.*